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Trinity Tablet, July 1871

Trinity College

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THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. IV.

HARTFORD, CONN., JULY 15, 1871.

No. VIII.

AN AFTERPIECE.

I tell you, Belle, it was lovely,
And the beautiful afternoon
Seemed quite in perfect keeping
With the joyous life of June;
The band played most exquisitely,
The fellows were full of fun,
And when it all was over,
I wished it had just begun.

I was there, you recollect, dear,
With our jolly young cousin, Fred,
Who introduced me to his chum,
His *particular friend*, he said.
His chum is a right nice fellow
With a charming black moustache,
But they tell me—I'm sorry to hear it—
He's just a little bit rash.

I don't know whether he's wild, dear,
Though I fear he's a trifle fast,
But he's not as bad as he might be,
And his wild days will not last.

For after all, dear sister,
Those fellows are best, I'm sure,
Who've just a touch of the gay and free—
Not all sedate, demure.

Very well, our cousin left me,
His chum took charge of me then,
And introduced some other fellows,
His own society men.

They were all polite, agreeable,
In what they did and said,
But they didn't compare for a minute,
With this chum of our cousin Fred.

Just then the band played beautifully
Something from "Poet and Peasant,"
He asked if I liked the music,
I said, I thought it was pleasant;

And then he took his society badge
And pinned it just on to this bow,
In a very conspicuous place, you see,
So all the fellows should know.

I didn't object. It was very pretty.
I thought I ought to please him,
He'd been so very kind to me
I really couldn't tease him,
For he's a right jolly good fellow,
And kept up a constant flow
Of humorous college stories,—
All that sort o'thing, you know.

Well, after the song was over,
And they'd done the "Auld Lang Syne,"
We strolled round the campus together,
To look at the ivy vine.
Then "Will"—that's what I call him—
Took me up into Jarvis Hall,
Where he's got the dearest, cosiest room—
It's nothing like this at all.

Our Fred was there with some ladies,
And some students I'd met outside,
All invited up to the spread, dear,
Which Fred thought best to provide.
Well, "Will" and I sat in a corner,
He talking o'er ices and creams,
I—Yes—I couldn't but help it—
Sailing off into fanciful dreams.

I'm certain it wasn't his talking,
That made me blush up to my eyes,
For "Will" has no nonsense about him,
Doesn't rave over moonlight and skies;
But his manner was truly enchanting,
I couldn't resist his bright smile,
And he called me "Mary" so gently,
I thought I'd just let him—awhile.

But the spread was very soon over,
 Fred said we must go to the dance,
 And as "Will" scrabbled after my glove, dear,
 I gave him a wee little glance.
 We ran down the stairs like children,
 And over to Seabury Hall,
 Where the music had hardly begun, dear,—
 We were just in time for the ball.

Oh! what a gay sight it was, sister,
 That festive assembly up there,
 With the bright college boys all attention,
 Released from collegiate care;
 And the girls in their muslins and organdies,
 Looked bewitchingly charming and gay,
 Oh! Belle, it was perfectly splendid—
 'T was just as good as a play.

"Will" asked me for three or four dances;
 I couldn't and didn't refuse,
 Since he added in quiet politeness,
 "Of course, Mary, just as you choose."
 I found him an elegant dancer,
 And as he liked the redowa best,
 I gave him one more on the dance list,
 That I'd kept for some of the rest.

I know 'twas a little bit naughty,
 But then 'twas a little bit nice,
 And fortune don't favor you always,
 At every throw of the dice.
 So I just made my mind up to do it,
 My other young friend didn't care,
 For I saw him the same time dancing,
 With a girl with powdered hair.

And after refreshments were over,
 We walked out under the trees,
 Where the moonlight was chatting gaily
 With the pleasant evening breeze;
 And he took my hand in his, dear,
 While we sauntered o'er the lawn,
 Till we began to think the dancers
 Had left the hall and gone.

So we hurried back to the Cabinet,
 And knew by a casual glance,
 That we were just in time for the redowa,—
 Put down as an extra dance.
 So gracefully through its mazes,
 We dreamily twirled our way,

And the dance I most enjoyed, dear,
 Was the last of that Class-Day.

Then down those horrid stairs, Belle,
 We tumbled without any harm,
 And when we reached the door, dear,
 Of course I took his arm;
 Then out through the moonlit evening,
 With a gay good night to all,
 We strolled along over home here—
 I made him promise to call.

And, Belle,—there's no one listening?—
 And I'm really sorry for Fred—
 But then, you'll keep it secret—
 All this that I have said;
 And I don't mind telling you, sister,
 That now it's all come to an end,
 I'm sure—just keep it yourself, dear,—
 "Will" is my particular friend.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

ORATION BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY—THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION—PHI BETA KAPPA MEETING—ALUMNI MEETING—ORATION AND POEM BEFORE THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION—SOCIETY REUNIONS—COMMENCEMENT—ALUMNI DINNER—THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.

The literary exercises of the week were ushered in by the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, delivered on Tuesday evening the 11th inst., at Christ Church. The orator, the Rev. Noah Porter, D. D., who has just been elected President of Yale, was introduced by Professor John Brockiesby, LL. D., President of the Society, and took for his subject "The Science of Man Essential to the Science of Nature." The effort was in every way worthy of the writer whose reputation as a scholar and thinker is widely known. The oration was well received and appreciated by the large audience present. We regret to add that the poet-elect, Mr. Arthur Dyer, B. A., of Newark, owing to family afflictions was unable to be present.

HOUSE OF CONVOCATION.

On Wednesday morning, the 12th, at half past nine o'clock, the House of Convocation

met in the chapel for prayers. The Rev. J. A. Paddock, D. D., Dean, and the Rev. Dr. Brainard read the service. After prayers the House adjourned to the cabinet for the transaction of business. Prof. John Brocklesby, LL. D., chairman of the standing committee, read the necrology of the past year, as follows.

The Rev. Jno. W. French, class of '32, D. D., Trinity 1860, and Columbia 1860, Professor of Ethics in the U. S. Military Academy, died at West Point, July 8, 1871; James Buchanan, class of '53, died in Loudon County, Va., June 16, 1871; Augustus Morse Jr., class of '62, died in Hartford, June 26, 1871; The Rev. Edward Ballard, M. A., 1845 and D. D., 1865, died in Brunswick, Me., November 14, 1870; The Rev. Henry Caswell, D. D., 1854, died at Franklin, Penn., Dec. 17, 1870; The Rev. Jno. E. Smith, M. A., died in New Haven, Sept. 8, 1869, 1870.

The Rev. Professor Pyncheon reported on the alumni library fund, that it had been increased to nearly \$3,000.

The Rev. Sam'l Hall reported for the committee of arrangements for the celebration of the semi-centennial. It is proposed to include a historical survey of the past, a large gathering of alumni and friends, and an earnest and united effort for increasing the endowments. The committee was continued.

The bursar elected at the last meeting having resigned, Mr. W. B. Buckingham, '69, was elected to fill the vacancy. The other officers continue their duties for one year longer.

The Rev. W. H. Vibbert, M. A., class of '58, and the Rev. R. A. Benton, M. A., class of '64, were elected to fill the vacancies in the Board of Junior Fellows.

The following are the appointments for Commencement 1872:—Orator, the Hon. Stewart L. Woodford; substitute, the Rt. Rev. W. W. Niles, D. D.; poet, the Rev. Prof. E. E. Johnson, M. A.; substitute, the Rev. Henry Olmstead, D. D.

PHI BETA KAPPA MEETING.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society met at noon and initiated nine members of the new Senior class. The following are the officers for the ensuing year. President, Prof. John Brocklesby, LL. D.; Vice-president, the Rev. Prof. E. E. Johnson, M. A.; Secretary, the Rev. Prof. Samuel Hart, M. A.; Treasurer, J. H. Brocklesby, M. A. The Hon. Wm. D. Shipman was elected an honorary member.

A copy of Prof. Porter's oration delivered the evening previous was requested for publication, and the thanks of the society tendered him. The appointing of orator and poet for the next Commencement was left in the hands of the officers of the society.

In the afternoon

THE ALUMNI SOCIAL MEETING

was held in the Cabinet. Short addresses were made by the several graduates present, and by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kerfoot, formerly president of the college.

ORATION AND POEM BEFORE THE ALUMNI.

The oration and poem before the alumni were delivered in Christ Church at eight o'clock in the evening. The orator was the Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, President of St. Stephen's College. His subject was "The Influence of the College upon Society." The oration was such as we would expect from the learned gentleman who delivered it. The Rev. C. H. W. Stocking, class of '60, was the poet of the evening. He read a very graceful production on the subject "The Test of Scholarship."

SOCIETY REUNIONS.

At a later hour in the evening the I. K. A. Fraternity, the Phi Kappa Society, the Order of Beta Beta, and the Epsilon Chapter of the Delta Psi Fraternity held their annual reunions at their respective halls.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The Senatus Academicus met in the chapel for prayers at half-past nine o'clock, Thursday

morning. At half-past ten, the procession formed on the campus in the following order.

Colt's Armory Band.

Freshman Class.

Sophomore Class.

Junior Class.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Williams, Chancellor.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Kerfoot, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Niles, of New Hampshire.

Board of Trustees.

Board of Fellows.

Officers of the House of Convocation.

Officers of other Colleges.

Faculty of Trinity College.

Graduating Class.

Mayor and City Authorities.

City Clergy.

Alumni of other Colleges.

Alumni of Trinity College.

Officers of the American Asylum and of the Retreat for the Insane.

Wardens and Vestries of City Parishes.

Officers and Teachers of the Public Schools.

The procession marched down College street to Main, and up Main street to the Opera House. Mr. John Watkinson Gray, of '72, College Marshal, conducted the procession. His assistants were Messrs. Barnwell, Buxton, Perry, Read, Shropshire, and Thompson.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

The Rt. Rev. Drs. Williams, Kerfoot, and Niles, the trustees, fellows, faculty, and distinguished guests occupied the stage. The other parts of the house were filled by the alumni, graduating class, and friends of the college. We do not remember ever to have seen a fuller house or a more fashionable audience at any other Commencement of the college. The bouquets and baskets of flowers were elegant, and the quantities which some of the speakers received as they descended from the stage, were really marvellous and well attested the popularity of those gentlemen.

The following was

THE ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PRAYERS.

MUSIC.

Salutatory, in Latin,

Chauncey Camp Williams, La.

Immortality,

Robert Hudson, R. I.

Hidden Struggles,

Walter Vaughan Lippincott, Ind.*

Waterloo after Twenty Years,

Ambrose Spencer Murray, Jr., N. Y.

A Defence of Cynicism,

Charles Powhatan Campbell, N. H.

MUSIC.

The Influence of War on Civilization,

William Edward Peck,* Ct.

Ma Belle Paris,

Daniel Page Cotton, W. I.

Who do the World's Work?

Wordsworth Young Beaven,* Md.

Preëstablished Harmony, James Stoddard, Ct.

Santa Sophia, Chauncey Camp Williams, La.

MUSIC.

"In Hoc Signo Vincas,"

Thomas Henry Gordon,* Ct.

Sacred and Profane History,

Charles Sherman Everest, Ct.

The Imponderables,

William Drayton, Pa.

The Mission of Music,

John Peck Case Shaw,* R. I.

Harold,

Thomas Chew Lewis, Ct.

MUSIC.

National Life and Literature,

Arthur Thomas Parsons, Ct.

Socialism,

Henry Scudder Wood,* N. Y.

Allotropic States,

Lucius Waterman, R. I.

Valedictory Oration,

George William Douglas, N. Y.

MUSIC.

Conferring of Degrees.

DOXOLOGY.

BENEDICTION.

*Excused from speaking.

Our limited space prevents our giving any kind of criticism of the orations. We will simply say that they were generally remarkably well written and delivered; and were heard with marked attention.

After the orations, followed

THE CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

Bachelor of Arts:—The class of '71.

Bachelor of Science:—James Stoddard.

Master of Arts, *in course*:—Rev. Orlando Witherspoon, B. A., class of '56; E. V. Stoddard, M. D., B. A., class of '60; Reginald Hart, B. A., class of '67; F. L. Norton, B. A., class of '68; the Rev. Geo. M. Stanley, B. A., class of '68; F. H. Busbee, B. A., University of North Carolina; H. M. Jarvis, B. A., King's College, Nova Scotia.

Master of Arts *ad eundem*:—Rev. S. G. Valpy, M. A., Yale; Rev. O. E. Shannon, M. A., Jefferson; Rev. A. A. Kerfoot, M. A., St. James; Rev. Charles I. Hutchins, M. A., Williams.

Master of Arts, *honoris causa*:—George R. Fairbanks, Bankson T. Morgan.

Doctor of Divinity:—The Rev. Isaac P. White, the Rev. George Morgan Hills.

Doctor of Laws:—Noah Porter, President of Yale College; William Davis Shipman, Judge of U. S. Court, Hartford; Hamilton L. Smith.

The following members of the class of '71 were graduated with honors. OPTIMUS, Lucius Waterman; in Ethics, Metaphysics, Latin, Greek, English, and Mathematics, Henry Scudder Wood; in Ethics, Metaphysics, Chemistry and Natural Science, Charles Powhatan Campbell.

ALUMNI DINNER.

The alumni dinner was served at the United States Hotel at half-past two o'clock, President Jackson presiding. About one hundred and fifty alumni and invited guests were present. Speeches were made by the Rev. B. H. Paddock, class of '48; Mr. C. D. Warner, of the Hartford *Courant*; the Rev. Dr. Sam'l Osgood, of New

York; Gen. W. B. Franklin, of Hartford; Bishop Kerfoot; the Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, class of '40; the Rev. C. H. W. Stocking, class of '60; Mr. S. B. Warren, class of '59; and others.

"The Phi Beta Kappa Prize," for the best English oration at Commencement was divided between Messrs. Geo. W. Douglas and Chauncey C. Williams, the committee being unable to decide between the two.

THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.

In the evening the president held his usual reception at his residence, 109 Elm St. The gathering was an unusually pleasant one, notwithstanding the sultry weather. We might almost say the pleasanter, on some accounts, because of the sultry weather, as it gave the young people an opportunity to promenade in the open air, which opportunity, we hardly need say was not neglected. In conclusion we would add that the entire day passed off in the most unexceptionable manner, and no little honor has been reflected upon the college by the Commencement of '71.

THE FUNNY MAN.

Your professionally funny man is one of the saddest sights imposed for eternal welfare on a suffering world. Doubtless it was as a warning against such characters that the Spartans made their slaves drunk in the presence of the young, though amid such a race there could have been little danger of the species "Funny Man" flourishing with too great luxuriance. With us, however, the case is different. In our society he bears a well-known part, and his definition is, one who considers his duty to be witty (?) on all occasions and at everybody's expense, regardless of time, place, and circumstances. He is the discomfort of his friends, and the horror of every one else. All neighborhoods and classes of society are more or less infected with these pests, and even public institutions are not entirely free from their existence. We have known as many as three flourishing once in close proximity, but such a

circumstance is unusual, as the "funny man" has generally few admirers among his own sex, and is formed, thank Heaven, on a model entirely of his own invention; each flattering himself that he is a little ahead of any other "wit" the world ever saw. The haunts of the "funny man" embrace all the places most frequented by men. Loneliness is his aversion; he will pour his jokes into the most unappreciative ears, rather than remain idle. He grasps your arm from behind as you are walking in the street; he button-holes you at the corners, and worst of all, attacks and utterly routs you in the fancied security of your own room. You cannot make an allusion in his presence to Her whom you regard as the most charming and virtuous of her sex, but he is ready with some vile joke, outraging the tenderest emotions of your soul, and utterly repugnant to your sense of propriety. When in company you tell by particular request your most affecting story in your most perfect manner, and are enjoying the emotions that sad tale always excites, the funny man is instantly reminded of a somewhat like circumstance which happened to him, and which turns out to be totally dissimilar, causing every one to laugh, and spoiling entirely the effect of which you were so proud. I have even known him to completely destroy a remarkably fine quotation which a friend of mine repeated, exceedingly *apropos* amid breathless silence, by an absurd pun on the last word. At parties, or when in the company of a roomful, he considers it the duty of all to suspend their conversation, while he tells some long story with much mimicry of speech and action, or performs various tricks for the edification of those present. If he is a college man, his delight is a crowd at the doorway of some college building, where he will make a fool of himself by the hour, if only encouraged by applause and laughter. But verily this unfortunate creature hath his reward. He is the public servant and he must suffer for it. He can never put off his cap and bells, be he ever so disgusted with them.

Who ever heard of a funny man that was tired, or "blue," or serious, or cross, or that had any human feelings, indeed, except those peculiar to a clown! His friends will not suffer it. If he is even otherwise than "funny," it excites fresh mirth; every one believes his mood assumed to make them laugh. If he looks serious, they smile; if he utters a sensible remark, they try to find the witty point of it. He must always be on his mettle to find new jokes, or fresh puns, often at times when he is more inclined to cry than be merry. In fine, he is generally the most dissatisfied and miserable among the crowd whom he seeks to amuse, and the summing up of his life verifies the words of a well-known western Senator, who was himself a funny man, and who before his death declared that if he were to live over again, he would shun the title which had brought with it neither the satisfaction of full appreciation nor the respect of his fellow men.

"WHAT NEXT?"

"What next?" has made us look with eager excitement for the sequel of many a story. Read a novel, and what is it which carries your restless brain from chapter to chapter, but a desire to find a solution in the last, of a mystery in the first?

Most of us would agree that novel reading, fruitless as it oftentimes must be, is nevertheless fascinating. Now let us for a moment analyze this fascination. Whence does it spring? Of what does it consist? Surely in the first pages of a novel we realize little pleasure, indeed on the other hand it is always our aim to run over them as quickly as possible, so anxious are we to reach the centre of action. It is not very interesting, for example, to linger over a minute description of the handsome face, and manly bearing of one of Scott's heroes, "who might be seen riding along the high-way on a beautiful black steed," far preferable is it, to hurry on, and see why such a gallant person-

age is introduced into the story at all, and learn something of the fate of the lovely damsel,—for there will be one somewhere—whom our hero will rescue.

Nor is it very interesting to read of an old mansion, with its rugged gardens, and picturesque lanes, in which a maiden of royal birth, and graceful form, saunters about, with a dreamy listlessness, thinking of one far away on the restless high seas ; much more charming would it be, to witness in the dim twilight the meeting of our maiden with her sailor lover, as he, with a modest air, “pops the question,” just as the stars begin to twinkle.

But after we reach the centre of action, the mystery is only more mysterious, and then we quicken our speed, imagining that the end, at any rate, will give perfect satisfaction. And when the end comes ; when the hero meets the heroine ; when heart answers to heart, and they realize that all former misunderstandings were the fruits of a vain mother, or a proud father ; when the end comes we say what then ? Why if boys, we curse, if girls we cry, whence the fascination ? My reader, without being conscious of the fact, the fascination depends upon every chapter in the novel, because it originates with your desire to know, “what next ?”

MINOR MATTERS.

We are much pleased with the new departure in the matter of examinations both as tending to be of advantage to the students, and because we were opposed to the crowding of things in the warm weather. The arrangement recently adopted is an excellent one, and we are surprised it was not put in vogue long since. But after examinations are over why keep students here only to attend chapel ? We certainly see no adequate reason for the enforcement of this law. It's a mere catch, and is intended to prevent students from running home before Commencement. But is Commencement of so much importance that students must be compelled to attend. We cer-

tainly think otherwise, and with the changes in examinations we hope that by another year will come a change in this useless and irksome rule.

“CATALOGUS COLLEGII SANCTISSIMAE TRINITAS MDCCCLXXI.” That is correct we believe. We've been looking at it for the last ten minutes and think we have quoted it accurately. But seriously, why is it that a college catalogue must make its appearance in lumbering Latin ? Does it add to the dignity of the college whose name it advertises ? Does it add to the dignity of the book itself ? We put these questions in sober earnest and refer them to the good judgment of the compilers of the work. And again who is to determine what names are to be dignified with capitals and what not ? The work is excellent in its typographical appearance and shows that much care has been expended upon it.

The trite old saying, “early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,” is not held in very high estimation by the generality of students. In fact the exact opposite of the adage is found to be the case, in most of our colleges. Students usually seek “tired nature's sweet restorer” when they hear the stroke of the midnight bell ; and, in consequence of their retiring late, do not by any means rise with the Orb of day. We have noticed that in one of our sister colleges the students are compelled to go to chapel at six o'clock in the morning. What a consoling (?) thought it must be to a person, to think on a piercing cold night that he will be obliged to be up and stirring early the next morning. How thankful we are that no such cruel innovation on sweet sleep has been tried on us. We have not the slightest doubt that it would have an excellent effect in driving away lazy tendencies, and in creating a higher tone of activity ; but, as regards ourselves, we are fully satisfied with the present regulations, and hope that the powers that be will never alter them—at least as long as we remain in college.

THE TRINITY TABLET.

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by the Students of

TRINITY COLLEGE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers will please remember that all TABLET subscriptions should be paid *in advance*. The EDITORS desire that this rule should be particularly observed, it being advantageous to all concerned. Those subscribers who are in arrears for the last year, will favor us by paying their bills at once. All mail matter should be addressed to P. O. Drawer 20.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

It is with a feeling of sadness "akin to pain," that we resume this branch of our editorial duties. Upon us devolves the responsibility of our chronicling the events of our college life, however enlivening, however sad. With joy we announce that our dreaded annual is over; but with a sadness far counterbalancing that joy, do we give our parting clasp of congratulation, —of commiseration to our friends of '71. They have played their respective parts in the comedy of college life, and stand so to speak on the brink of a new existence. Their sun has set. But as in Nature, long after the golden eye of day has sunk behind the western hills, the clouds send forth its reflected beams of radiance, betokening its past splendor, so will the rays reflected from their sun, long play about the ivy-clad walls of their *Alma Mater*, tingeing our memories with a recollection of their glory. Their connection with Trinity, as active members, is severed; but never we trust will the chain of love which binds them to their *Alma Mater* be broken. As they go forth from the college about to act their parts in the tragedy of real life, we desire to express to them our regret, that the ever revolving wheel of time has so soon brought about the inevitable separation, and, to assure them that our good wishes for their future will attend them in their various paths of life.

And now, we are called upon to bid farewell to another valued friend. We understand that at the beginning of the new college year, we shall miss Prof. Stickney from his accustomed place. During his short stay with us, he has won the regard and esteem of every student, and in him the college loses a valuable professor, and each student a personal friend. Would that we could offer some incentive for his remaining; but whatever his final determination may be, we can but assure him that he possesses our entire esteem and respect.

To turn our attention to a pleasanter subject, we welcome with joy the incoming class. Of

course we expect there will be the usual amount of greenness to overcome, but with enlightenment into the secret workings of a college life, their verdancy will disappear. We trust they may form a *goodly number*, and that their life at Trinity may be pleasant and profitable.

THE SUSPENSION AND BURNING OF ANALYTICS.

For those of our readers for whom the above title may involve a mystery, we will begin our description of the performance, which occurred on the 10th instant, by setting forth as briefly as possible the reason of the seeming cruelty. We presume it is hardly necessary to state who Anna-Lytics is; but for the benefit of the incoming class, who are probably, not as yet well enough versed in the higher branches of mathematics to have the sorrow of her acquaintance, we inform them that, she is one of the descendants of the Mathematical Gens, and is a handmaiden of Satan, or at least saves him considerable work, for though supposed to improve the mind, she without doubt imperils the soul. She visits the student during the Sophomore year, and occasionally spends his vacation with him. She may be said to be responsible for a great part of the "darning,"—not to use a stronger word,—which is heard throughout the last two years of one's college course; for violent expressions seem to form a part of her course of study, and it is needless to add is the only part remembered. She is one of the afflictions which did not visit Job, or he certainly, would have succumbed; hence we may infer that, she is a great deal worse than "boils." Thinking this explanation will suffice for those unacquainted with her we proceed to detail her summary suspension and hanging.

When she was conquered by the Sophomores, they being members of a Sunday School, had progressed just far enough in the catechism to have learned, that to be good children they must trample Satan and his emis-

saries under their feet. (N. B. To trample under foot in this case means to dispose of.) This, with the aid of quite a number of small boys with large torches, a police force, between three and four thousand civilians, they effectually did on the evening of the 10th. She having been the cause of "suspension" for others, it was deemed proper by examiners three in number, Messrs. Barbour, Granniss and Woodman, that she should suffer the same penalty. Accordingly, after an affectionate leave-taking by the members of the class who appeared much affected, amidst the boo-hooing of her friends, among whom the fat boy seemed prominent, she was led to the gallows. As the rope was tightened, the breast of the fat-boy *mirabile dictu!* could be seen to heave to and fro like a frog-pond, when Boreas with his furious blast sweeps across its calm surface. His sobs resound through the dense throng like the earthquake of some distant ant-hill. At last overcome with grief, for awhile he remained in a quiescent state. We thought that he must have gone to sleep, and in the words of the immortal Wardle were about to exclaim "Damn that boy, he's gone to sleep again,"—when Lo! the scene changes. Anna is removed from the gallows, and now the "trampling under feet takes place." Then is she borne to the funeral pile. Like Dido of old was she consumed; (the difference being that Dido was not hung beforehand) while the fat-boy, whom to carry out the rest of the legend, we will call Æneas, unlike that hero, aided in her destruction. The arraignment of her crimes by Mr. E. B. Watts of Penn., was delivered in a very eloquent manner, and contrary to the usual custom in such cases, was distinctly audible. We desire through these columns to congratulate him upon his success. The examiners before mentioned performed their parts in a very creditable manner, as did also Mr. Chase who represented Anna. The Poem by Mr. Charles P. Parker of Cambridge, was however, the brilliant effort of the evening. It

was teeming with wit, and the jokes cracked upon the members of the class, and upon the city of Hartford were excellent. The affair was well gotten up and admirably conducted. The procession under the supervision of Mr. C. Buxton, as marshal, who performed his duties in a very meritorious manner, was exceedingly well-arranged, and the costumes grotesque, and suitable. The class of '73 are worthy the thanks not only of the college, but of Hartford at large, in giving an entertainment so unique, and for an affair of the kind, so well-conducted. After the burning, the class, preceded by the band, marched through several of the streets of the city creating quite a sensation. By order of the faculty, they were not allowed to serenade, nor refresh themselves after their arduous labors, as has been customary in the past.

A GROUNDLESS REPORT.

It has been commonly reported through college, that the TRINITY TABLET is fast becoming a "class-paper." This report we expected to pass over in silence, trusting to time, the real friend of truth, to decide in favor of the accused. But on a second thought, it appeared unreasonable to expect so much from Tempus, before we had given the facts of the case, from which he could easily make it evident, that the report started hastily and upon no just grounds whatsoever.

We will mention the facts here, say a few words about them, and leave as little for Tempus to attend to as possible, as he is now thrice two thousand years of age.

"The TRINITY TABLET is fast becoming a class paper," Why forsooth? because we published a letter picked up on the campus.

The gist of the letter we admit was in favor of the class the EDITORS represent, but it happened so, simply because a member of that class wrote it. The members of the other classes in college have all been invited to hand in contributions and have a perfect right to answer any article which may appear in our columns.

If they refuse, or are not inclined to contribute, they cannot expect Juniors to write against Juniors. In so far as the TABLET is concerned, it is a college paper, from the very fact that every student in college is invited to hand in contributions; but in so far as the letter was concerned, it was a class letter, and the EDITORS hold themselves responsible for it. It must be borne in mind, however, that as the EDITORS are responsible for every sentiment expressed in the TABLET, they have the privilege of refusing any piece—however misguided or incapable their judgment may be, which they think would not do justice to the literary claims of Trinity.

PERSONALS.

ARMSTRONG, '59. D. M. Armstrong is now our American Consul at Rome.

CANFIELD, '57. Horace J. Canfield is now residing at Stockbridge, Mass.

ROBERTSON, '54. J. A. Robertson's address is Scranton, Pennsylvania.

BUCHANAN, '53. James Buchanan died at Loudon Co., Virginia, June 16th, 1871.

RICHEY, '66. Rev. Joseph Richey is rector of a church in Delhi, New York.

PETERS, '50. Rev. G. E. Peters has removed from Detroit, to Albion, Michigan.

PARDEE, '40. Hon. D. W. Pardee has been re-elected Judge of the Superior Court of this state for a second term of eight years.

BONDURANT, '63. W. E. Bondurant, M. D., is practicing at Natchez, Miss., and is officially connected with the State Hospital at that place.

ELWELL, '70. G. E. Elwell has been elected principal of the Bloomsburg, (Penn.) Public School, and will enter upon his duties in the early part of September.

PECK, '71. W. E. Peck has accepted the position of Tutor in Latin and Greek, at St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass. He will enter upon his duties in September.

PARTICLES.

Prof. Stickney has resigned his chair; we trust that it is only temporarily. —*Professor*,—"Mr. A—can you give me any reasons of your own, for supposing that the ancient Romans used blinds to their windows?"—*Ingenuous Student*,—"We read in the *Iliad*, that 'the mother of *Cicero*' looked out of her lattice."—Bishop Williams in his Trinity Sermon argued against those, who would turn their Gymnasium into a chapel; *ergo*, we should turn our chapel into a chapel. —Serenades have been a drug in the market for some time. Several young ladies are said to have died of exhaustion for lack of sleep. —*The Whang Doodle*, or some other fossil monstrosity, is said to have had eyes as large as saucers. This might be considered a big thing on *eyes*." —The assistant librarian has been making a careful enumeration of the books in the college library. The number of volumes is found to be 12,758. This is exclusive of some 600 volumes of law books, and some 2,500 duplicates from the Parthenon and Athenæum. —Why is the TABLET like an hour glass?—Why, you know, it has lots of fine particles, which tell of *'ours*, and are carefully turned. —At the recent examination for admission to the Freshman class, a number of the applicants were conditioned. There are several additions to the Sophomore class. The next examination will be held on the 13th of September. —A fellow says that where he boards, they keep a sewing machine going up stairs all the time. Rather hard on the stairs. —Favorite caudal appendage. Cock-tail. —At the late meeting of the board of Trustees of Trinity, a resolution was passed providing for the immediate erection of a Gymnasium. —The faculty croquet set has made its annual appearance upon the campus in front of Jarvis Hall. —The college block upon Trinity street has been much improved by the repairs which it has recently undergone. —Next term commences Thursday, September 14th.

COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

AMHERST.

The Freshmen and University crews will take part in the July Regatta, at Ingleside.

Forty-one Freshmen and four Sophomores were admitted at the first examination last Tuesday.

Seventy-four have indulged in class caps of the Oxford pattern, made of purple and white flannel.

Six hundred alumni were present during Commencement week, and every class was represented except '25.

BOWDOIN.

Out of twenty-seven men, who entered the class of '71 the first time only eleven graduated, the class numbering seventeen. —*Orient*.

CORNELL.

President White has given to Cornell University \$50,000. —*Chronicle*.

A Junior has been made an instructor at Cornell. This speaks well for the standing of the University.

MADISON UNIVERSITY.

James B. Colby of New York has given 500 volumes to the University Library.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

The graduating class numbered 140. The University will graduate but forty-eight however.

PRINCETON.

Princeton graduates this year seventy-eight men, of which number 21 take law, and 21 theology. —*College Argus*.

RIPON.

"A student in Ripon has discovered, that studying between meals is unhealthy for him. Consequently it is to be supposed that he now eats.

SHURTLEFF.

We learn from *Cap and Gown*, that but one student in Shurtleff College uses tobacco, and that he has lately sworn off.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

The entire number of men who have been connected with the class of '71, is 41. Twenty-three however are all that graduate.

YALE.

Yale graduates this year 103 men. Out of this number, seventeen were chosen to speak Commencement.

EXCHANGES.

In the June number of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, appears the first of a series of five articles on College Secret Societies, which promise to be very interesting to those concerned.

The Targum.—We notice in June number of the *Targum*, under the heading "*Our Telescope*" two articles quoted which are not even in quotation marks. One of them is quoted from the TRINITY TABLET. We think that it is hardly the thing to *steal* our thunder, although we are perfectly willing that it should be borrowed.

The *Amherst Student* comes to us full of news concerning the college of the purple and the white. We commend its enterprise to other college journals.

The *Madisonensis* since it has made its appearance upon tinted paper, has improved.

Scribner's Monthly for August, lies before us, full of good reading for vacations. If you are going to the sea-side or the mountains, don't forget to put *Scribner's* in your trunk.

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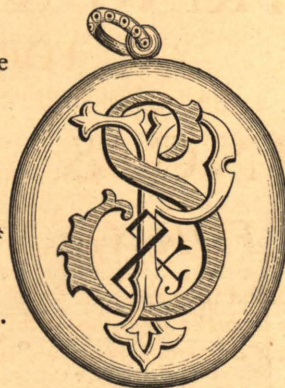
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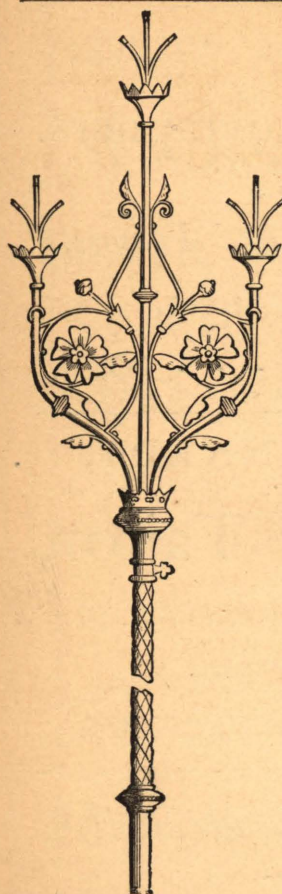
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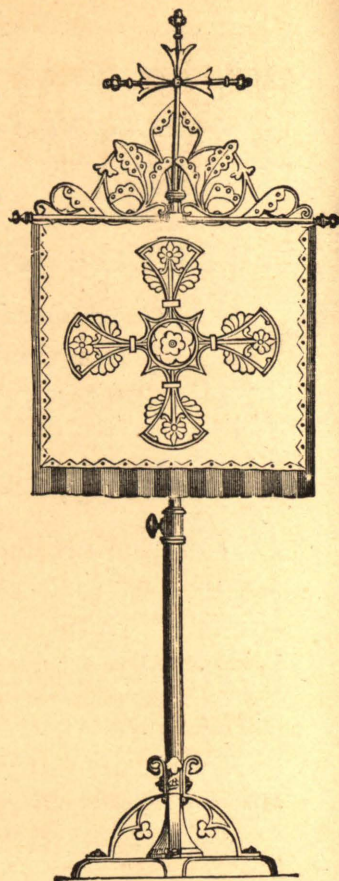
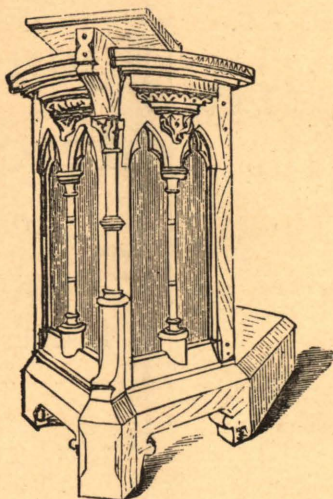
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